

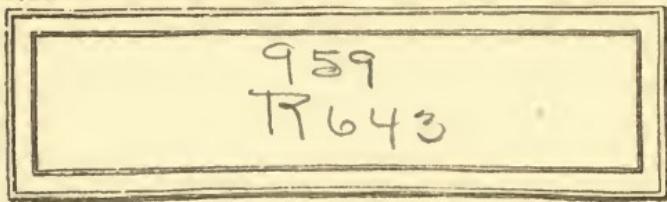
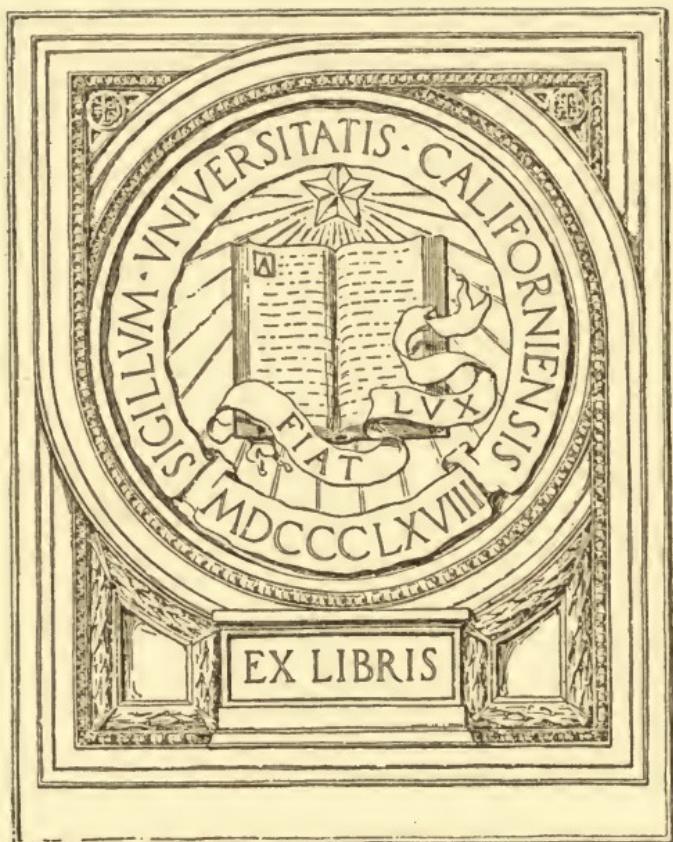
COLLECTED POEMS

ROBERTS

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BY

CHARLES V. H. ROBERTS

AUTHOR OF "LOUVAIN," "THE SUBLIME SACRIFICE," ETC.

There is no greater use of things than loving them;
In flowers of gladness or in seeds of grief,
All else wanes off and comes to nothingness.
Through all the sophistries of crafty mind,—
Mould our shallow pleading as we may,—
By laws that are themselves the breach of law,
The lowliest thing is sanctified by Love,
And sheddeth incense over Destiny.

From *Louvain*—Act I

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THE CALL OF LIFE

THE CALL OF LIFE

Only one Life to live! To do the best
With it, to make the most of it, that's the ques-
tion!

Life is music on a sea whose waves are souls,
Conceived in the sweetened darkness between
two worlds.

Ah! Think! Each one a cosmic part of this
Great Universe; a Symphony in aeons,
Whose cadent bars but mix and mingle to
The throbbing Pulse of its Creator. Let
Thy Song, great mystery wingéd wondrous
Life

Proclaim to me thy secret! To grasp thine
essence,

Play to my mind some key in what thou art!

The Chord is struck! An Earth is lit by
Magic flame

Amid the conscious vestments of eternity:
And thou dost teach great Space to bear,
To grow, to breathe, to flower, feel and love;
And unto Man place greater Arts in thy proud
edifice.

Sequestered, I a Life unto a Life
Do speak, unravelling gilded lessons
In the unknown retinue of mortal Being,
To lead each swaying spirit back to the starry
Firmament and palace Court of Heaven.

To be alive, I deem a lavish gift
Self-existent, self-completing; and
I should make music in these hours brief,
To play to deeds in my maturer days,
That all their great and golden reeds be mine.

Err not in the deeper freedom of the skies,
With all their dreams of stars and moon and
sun,
And the singing of a thousand different
worlds.

With outstretched arms embrace grim Opport-
unity,
And fear not joy, that joys might ever be.
Move with conception and with splendid
thought,
And be not out of tune with thy design;
Let future hopes cross the string of dead de-
sire;
Steer with great calm though in a tempest
tossed.

O Life! thou art an awsome mute appeal,
From mystery unto mystery peopling worlds;
A chorus singing to eternal arches,
Yet each frail voice a trembling worshipper.

Let Kindness be thy mystic star and
Drop Pretence. Success cannot be born in
sham.

Whate'er thou art—then fearless let thee be.
Exaltation will thy greatest deeds refute,
As Silence sings thy praise in noble harmony
And Self-control—the Prelude on the strings
Of power, will and grand accomplishment.
It were a priceless life that can control
The heart's fierce beat, and never speak a
word.

Let go of Discontent. In all eternal years
There is no murmur from a restless heart.
How trivial the complainings of thy harassed
days,

Thy maiméd wants and selfish thoughts;
In songs of praise thy frettings be undone.
Thou shouldst make me, Life, to such strange
effect
That Sympathy be the eyelids of my mind,

Truth the omnipresent iris in the banquet
lights

And Honour the pupil on my soul's eclipse.

Make use of Time. There's the Godly sting!
The most reckless spendthrift in the world is
he

Who squanders time. What power can restore
The moment that has passed, the day whose
sun

Has set, the year that's numbered with the
ages gone?

It awes me when I think there was a time
When Life and I were not, when the mysteries
Of eternity swept on, and the sun turned
Into day, without the sound or sight of man.

Hearken unto Death! his torch ablaze,
Yet invisible in the toils of mortal passion,
Of sins and shades, and wasted days of youth.
Be gemmed with prayer and kindred prepara-
tion.

A sleep unto oblivion—no form,
A flaming memory, a ring of visions,—
Thou art a ruby in God's Paradise.

THE CALL OF THE COUNTRY

THE CALL OF THE COUNTRY

Oh, my Beloved! Death laughs here in Rome:
A pestilent malady is in the summer's air.
Keep close this warning—of the grieving mist
And crimson snare of Death. Thy home
Is in the Country, the hills of melting ame-
thyst.

Beyond these festering streets are fragrant fields
Powdered with buttercups and shyer things.
Hide thee there, in the silvery breeze swayed
grass,
Where meadow larks trill high on fluttering wings;
Or into the wood's dark fringe, where a
cuckoo's call
Darts like an arrow through the orange trees.
How lone and cool his note—now faint and far
Beyond the chorused humming of the bees.
Beloved! Thou art my soul's idolatry,
Its dreamful ease, its beauty and all its radi-
ance.

Leave Rome! Thy heart-strings murmur for
the country,
For streams that wind and wave, for shadows
that glance
And glide in gardens dark'ning for love's
mystery.

Thou wert not born as other women are,
But in swoons conceived by some immortal
star.

Ire and danger fill the city's breath,
Each street a vein embalmed—a scar
In anguish. Be not tempted by the grail of
Death.

There's no contagion in the whispering fairy-
ed grass
Where Nature blows on his pipes of reeds
with Pan's own glee,
In love-enraptured tune. If thou wouldest see
The roses bloom again, the stars e'er shine,
The foam-bells sparkle on the waves,
Then hasten to the country—and in time;
To fields of blossomed trees, past little shrine
Where crumbled stones proclaim a golden
past.

From o'er our villa, clouds will sail across the sky

And the colour of the evening pigment take,—
The green of lemon trees, and fragrant spice,
Fair olive groves, the halls of twice
One thousand years, and a lily lake,—
A flinging beam, a twilight hedge, thou and I.

Sun like a red pomegranate! The city's eyes
are sulphurous.

Go, Beloved! All here is dolorous:
There pure water gleams, whose fringes we
will tread;

Pagodas gilded, where faint dreams entice
The sweetest rites of love to sanctify;
Silver rays a-glimmer o'er our bridal bed,
With dimming eyes—as candles clear—thy
heart to sate

The yielding spirit action we'll partake.

At last thou art amid these sacred groves,
These woods and wilds and musical retreats:
No more the city and its pall of Death;
All there is dismal as the Shades beneath.
Across these mellow fields the Muses sang;
Still revellers danced; great rhapsodies of
Love were heard—

The bloom of secret dawn and sweet repose,
The stream's clear flow, the call of mating
bird.

We accept the perfect stillness of the ground,
And the vision of a sunset-saffroned sea.
Our lives shall be the history of a rose,
Each day a petal in a sweeter bliss;
And when like leaves, they turn to braken
gold—

Where waves the grass and prostrate legions
old—

No name but thine shall on these barks be
found,
To glad the earth and gild the evening sky.

Breathe on my burning lips thy softest words,
Thy love into my soul and every vital part,
Thy thoughts, thy melody and all thy joy,
Until thou hast assuaged my yearning heart.
Thus we, Beloved—so having been—shall
never cease,
But only wander—wander to eternal peace.

THE CALL OF LOVE

THE CALL OF LOVE

O Immortal Love! The centuries
Have confessed thy powers and art to please,
Yet still thou guardest all thy mystery.
Command is writ upon thy brow—the free
Of Earth e'er have yielded to thy sway.

Time has not bent thee to the ground,
Aged thy face or deafed thine ears to sound;
There's enraptured secret glitter in thine eyes,
And in thy voice, an outflung solo from the
skies,
An earth-lyre for Nature's Mastery.

Nor rocks, nor caves can from thy presence
hide;
No soul from thee can surgéd sea divide;
From dawn thy bridal veil fills all man's sight,
And steels the thews of youth to deeds of
might.

Thou art Queen Beauty, in Life's Dynasty.

Deep through Life, emotion sheds thy beams,
Like stars that twinkle in the spring-fed
streams.

Thy waving hair as years, upon the surface
blows;

Thy cheeks reflect the lily, then the rose,
Each petal beating in some human heart.

Thou dost weave a magic on the waiting air,
Through twilights, on and on, enchanting free.
Leaf-dance and petal-gleam thine errants see;
Hear woodland voices, soft and fair,
And the vaster fairy footsteps of the night.

Who can glimpse thy scheme, thy jewelled
visage,

For Philosophy and Science are but mirage
That oppose their own great doctrines. Can
a storm

Stir the petals of a rose, or tempest warm
The twilight into day before the passage of
the night?

Then Love, thou hast a savage courage and
Deliberate force, that venture and expand
The whirl-winds of fierce Nature's great de-
sires.

Storm or heights, the flaming sun or fires
Of Hell, control not thy spirit's soaring might.

Oft thou art wild, mad and iridescent

In thine ills—then mist-veiled, dim and convalescent,
Dream-drowsy in thy languor and thy mystery;
Voluptuous in spice-scents, thy pulses beat fiercely;
Thine opal heart leaps—in sunset crimsoning.
O rapturous one, thou art the keeper of the keys
To Paradise. Guard well the gates—lest on my knees
I shall demand they be unlocked wide
Open—then engulfed by stern Passion's tide,
A pagan god inhaling rare incense.

Thou dost make souls flash together in
A flame of new-found joy, and all within
Thy wondrous unseen presence. A swooning perfume
O'er the quietest sleepers in the world consumes
To vibrant ecstasies—hitherto unknown.

Then Love, hold high thy chalice lest I quaff
Too deep, lured by the perfume of thy wine;
For the fairest liquor yields its spurious dregs,

That feed the mortal and choke the soul divine,

The fountain of our hopes and destinies.

One cannot suffer who has never loved,

Nor can he love who has not sorrow known.

Dream worlds and all our many pains are moved

Beneath thy wings, cherished pathways shown ;
Thy half-veiled star keeps vigil over us.

Thou art a Child, a Mother, Husband, Wife.

Oh ! to solve the single secret of thy life's

Philosophy, thy noble madness, thy honeyed drugs,

Thy Memory and Truth that hugs

Each soul to the very arms of grim-robed Death !

Thou art remembered from the other worlds ;

Perhaps been died for — or by History hurled

Through many pains, laments and secret joys :

But Time, nor Change, nor fiery Fate destroys —

Thou art conscious always — quick'ning through eternity.

Thou art a dream to deeds of man's eternal
days,
Of passions peerless, and of half-glimpsed
ways
To happiness. Thy reeds of joy are mine
Which pipe in flame and make thee—near-
divine.
O sequestered Face—Love's deathless coun-
tenance!

THE CALL OF HAPPINESS

THE CALL OF HAPPINESS

O Happiness! thy vision comes to me
In kisses of Egyptian lavender;
Sung by mermaids on a silver sea,
In verses of the moon so calm and tender.
No one can doubt thy presence and thy mean-
ing,
Resounding silken-smooth and blissful-teem-
ing
O'er the world—joy-waves from pain re-
deeming.

I have met thee far away—wild sails of long
Ago. Thy masts were furled with creeds un-
true,
When Grecian gods, the Muses, and thy wor-
shippers in song
Dreamed naught lay there beyond eternal
blue.
Prayer was then, in gold and silver wrought,
Thy heaven but an incense-stream of pleasure
bought
In clouded wine,—sold in sensuous thought.

But thou hast sacked the ages of their madness,
And breathed beyond the tryst of heathen
stars.

From Bethlehem thy messengers bring glad-
ness—

Great tidings o'er this bitter world of ours.
Thou speakest then in strongest jubilation,
Thy joys fulfilled to highest consecration;
Thy one big tear—the Cross of Expiation.

O Happiness, thou hast no nobler gem than
prayer,

That silent meditation of the soul,
When real things touch us vividly, and where
Thy rich accords and richest current roll
Outward to the shore of Paradise.

There, wafts no water but knows thine eyes,
Where sundered stars breathe only in thy
sighs.

Thou art purest in the little child,
Caressing lovingly each new-bought toy;
Frail, floating innocence, yet wild
In laughter, song, merry-play and joy.
O to be a child again!—the Fairy Tales,
Old Santa Claus—those kindergarten days,
With chant from little primer—the dreams
of tiny sails!

Thou art a limpid spirit on our wedding day,
To vanish with us on the wings of love.
That fairest flowering—Motherhood—thy
way

That brings an angel for the God above.
Oh! grow thou then, amid the garden of our
joys,
Make it sweet and holy for our children's
plays,
Each tree and bower—each little petal, be
their toys.

Be on our death-bed, Happiness, where the
shadows lie;
And Faith becomes still more the garment of
our soul.
Weave gently the ending of our life, and try
To comfort us in verses on the Scroll
That make us feel thy grandest prize is near.
Then thy ties, thy friendship, peace,—God
Himself,
Will welcome us unto thy final sphere.

THE CALL OF SORROW
A Poem of Destiny

THE CALL OF SORROW

Beloved! In thine adversity there is
Not one will call thee friend. When mortal
heart

Beats outward for the healing touch, the little
Things for its easing never come. Sorrow
Is an Exile, which hath no portion in the time
And tale and scorching brain of selfishness.

If thou hast webs of laughter and dangling
gold,

Or credit on the rich man's scroll writ deep,
And in thy house a sense of feasts and affecta-
tion

Unconfessed,—then thou hast many friends;
Thy life goes on with splendid tendence;
Thou art a shepherdess in the golden lights.

But a sudden pause in entertainment, its glows
And sighs and wines and visions delicate;
Or hearken with thy gifts and jewels and
favorite

Robes, dazzling the longest corridors;

Then thou shalt be with less friends,—linger-
ing

In the sunlight, but each remembering.

Let Sorrow come,—the doorway of thy soul
Flung open to the storm of life's great pain,—
Then thou must win another friend;
Mad and knowing all, thy lords of pleasure
Flash and elsewhere seek; thou art solitary,
Untended, comfortless, and yet—not ended.

O Spirit of Sorrow! with such majestic cer-
tainty

Dost thou come in on all things human;
Thine august angel before the compact of
Our life was signed, breathed far off in star-
dust:

Then our spirits quickened by the Word
Of God, conceived and met thee. For a time
We, clothed in mortal raiment, swoon to thy
Bemoaning reeds and deepest chords of mis-
ery.

Beloved, thy stirring bosom is besieged with
grief,

Sad sea-horizons of sorrow mystical,
With wounds no human hand can ever close,
Until thy soul beyond the ocean, weary, rests.

Thy tear,— each tear a solitaire, a pearl
That vainly shimmers on the crimson reef
Of pain,— for a setting in the ring of Sympathy!

Lose Health,— thy gold will twine in loneliness;

Thy most cherished arms that weaved about thy strength,

In weakness waver; petals o'er-blown fly
On the wind away to stronger stems. If thou
Art ill, ill unto death, a mother's love
Alone will shine,— that unadorned, profound,
Unselfish love. The deeper falls the darkness
Of thy life, the brighter is its calm
Enduring warmth. Forever half in lightning
And in gloom, the maternal star in brilliance
Unafraid grows stronger in the firmament of
Sorrow.

Ah! If we could be the things we are,
And not the things we have! Our chattels,
Gold, and songs are in themselves a nothingness,

A glow that has a wasting flame, and yet
Without, we are but ashes,— living limbs,
Wordless, handless, helpless, friendless,
Groping for the spirit of Companionship.

Oft Sorrow, art thou Victory, crowned in poverty,
In fallen fortunes and the emptiness of aid;
A tale of bitterness on barren stone,
Those pangs of pain and utter deprivation,
The flesh in sighs of jealousy composed;
To reach and grasp and suffer for the joys
Of life,—those wistful, dreamful joys of life
Attained by luxury only. Feebly, step
By step, the roaming of these starving souls
Casts a shadow for a moment; then
Unassuaged they soar away unto Oblivion.

O Talisman of Sorrow, winged through aeons
From the thunder of a Self-existent
Mind!—groan and cry in the anguish
Of the angels mutinied; in human bodies
Broken, torn and mangled on the arenas
Of Roman persecution; in the twilight of battle fields,
Woman's shame and man's hypocrisy,
Unpraised achievement, kindred disappointment,
Memoried achings, bitter tragic losses.

With thine august mournful smile, what art
Thou Sorrow,—thy sunset strangely pathetic
o'er

The world's most splendid lives; thy grief,
regret,
The vague centennials of thy shame? To
saint
And sin alike, thou dost cohere,
Though weary is the heart within thy breast.
Oh! Why does thy bleeding compact cover
all?

THE CALL OF DEATH

THE CALL OF DEATH

Last of myself—I thought how hard to die;
To pass without a tear into the stars;
To leave this fiery glory-colored world of ours,
And thy dear face; the doubt and dreadful
 fear

When thrust out thence, to go I know not
 where.

At times in truth, it seemed to me that I,
Beloved, was wrought before the moon or sun,
Before the fallen angels, darkness, light,
 creation;

Oh! God, where was my soul, where did this
 body lie

Before the cycles of eternity were run;
The stars turned in their course without the
 sight of man?

Beloved, come nearer. I am conscious still—
Cold though I feel—passing, passing on.
 Each chill

Of life I have, breathes only on the sight
Of thee; for see—our love's fire has lit
The flame of younger immortalities.

Tell me, when first thy soul confessed this
love?

No!—not through thy tears—I can feel
above

My heart, thy blood run to thy finger ends.
Be not worn with grief or blasted by despair;
If thou wouldst love me longer—wed mem-
ory to prayer,

The holy whispers of unsundered souls.

Last of myself, I thought how hard to die,—
Anguish in my anguish, through the gulf of
space,

Perhaps the fires of Hell—a kindred serpent
face.

Soul naked now, in fears and sorrows all
The actions of my life before me lie.

Each past spoke angry word, a panic call
In black-veiled voices of the great Unknown,
A-flutter o'er my head in horror shown.

How can I leave these painted toys of earth,
The memory of thy tears and sweetest mirth?
Ah, come! Thy lips to kiss—thy heart to
love,

Thine eyes to see! So near the mystic glow
Of Death—to feel is better than to know

Sweet touches, interchange, the sound of song,
In swaying languors unrestrained.

Come! e'er I'm robed in my immortal shape.
Away my dreams of mystery in the throng
Of yonder stars! Away these tears that drip
and make

My soul coward, afraid to sate thy fount of
love,

Fear-dumb by the nearness of oblivion!

Thou couldst reconcile the farthest planets,
Reweave the crumbling halls and fill the gap
with stones,

Breathe into the city's dead or broken bones
Splendid newer lives—ne'er wrecked by sea
or wind.

Perhaps to-night will come Chaos in heaven,
Which Perpetual Happiness cannot assuage;
As I shall grow and grieve and call the past
Along the way that leadeth back to thee,
Until thy name is gilded on the Page.

I'll fondly seek thee with immortal eyes,
Out o'er the azure distance pure with prayer,
The song of sleep—between thy soul and
mine.

Moonbeams will kiss thy garden hedge,—a
hue

In silver visions, that the pagans knew;
And clouds made of my tears will rain my
sighs

Upon thy cheeks and lips and turn thy breasts
To lilies. At times feel thee my passing
breath,

A quivering spirit crossed with bars of gold
and crests,—

A joy, a pain, a prayer—united in eternity.

On, Death! Why do I fear thy doom and
dazzle,

Thy thunder-scar—thy withered cheek?

Where'er I go, I was ever bound to go,—

My soul, at least, a gem in this decaying heap.

Adieu—my love, my life. Behold! I die!

Once and no more—Ah! make no cry!

THE CALL OF ETERNITY

THE CALL OF ETERNITY

Beloved, thou shalt be with me to-night
In Paradise! upon an emerald hill
Paling the golden stars. Long have I waited,
A tale twixt earth and heaven; watched in patience,
Love, ambition, and in prayer. Lonely
Years upon my soul conjured the perished
Days of earth, sculptured Time in the slowest
Clay of History; eternal yearning
Answered only by the sighs of stars.

Be brave, Beloved, for soon thy pain shall pass,
Bitter agony in azure ending.
My spirit's close; the shadows lengthen; the life
Beyond—its puzzle now lies near.
High on the pinnacle hang our destinies;
And for the ages that come after,
We'll not sigh. Be brave! Eternal joy
Is safe from Death. Fear not these walléd silences;

But weave the tapestries and silks of heaven.
Be not sorrowed by the griefs of those now
left

Behind. Sweet is the oblivion of sleep,
But sweeter far—the sleep beyond oblivion.

Then the rumour of thine illness cast
Its death-lamp ray into eternity;
Shed its argent irony as in
The centuries before, the sprites of Pharaohs
Gleaned from the perished cities of the Nile.
The Euphrates dangled like a thread of gold
Across the plains of sand, as Babylon Kings
Spilled wine from their holy cups to gods
Of brass, of bronze, of wood and stone, until
That magic writing on the plaster of the wall.

I was confused—strangely sad, yet joyful
'Mid our colonnades of marble echoing
With discussions of diviner things.

A moment's wound of piteousness—then
I dreamed afar to earth. A song of day-dawn
Sending words, a great phantasmal pageant
Passed upon my spirit solitude:
The burden of long-waiting years was lifting
From my soul. Thy mystic breathing comes!

Thy presence soon will be another Sphere
In Space; a gem rising in silence
From star to star; lose sense and form;
A name to mingle in eternity,
Up-wrapped our souls together in one flame.
We'll make merry in the jests of constellations,
Across the golden sands, and timeless shore;
Nor count the passing hours save to compute
How they make a closer oneness of us twain.

Thou shalt be a princess in a pearléd
City, entertained by angels unawares:
Kings and queens will pay thee homage
From the dynasties of Babylon to Napoleon.
Thou shalt be mine Empress, o'er whose great
Domain thy softened whispers thunder in the
sky.

Forever now thou art to me commended:
This body feels thy rays last touch,—
Thy soul recessed—thine eyes, dim urns of
sleep.

Beloved, I have died and gazing back at life
Know whereof I speak. I cannot, dare not
Tell thee more. Later,—within
This very house to-night—some kindly friend

Will kiss thy brow, deck thee with ornaments,
Incense, burning candles, and the sweetness of
Scattered flowers. Thou wilt be a memory
Of beauty. They will discuss the sallies of
thy wit

And past accomplishments. But from me thou
Shalt be learning thy spirit's grandest consum-
mation.

HEAVEN AND MEMORIES



HEAVEN AND MEMORIES

Welcome, my Beloved, to Paradise!—
The portal ending thy sad mortal span;
Past griefs and shadows, all thy wanderings,
Deep buried in Divine Immensity.
Thy shining eyes and once remembered smile
Waft mystic winds and seething sprays of
souls,—
The murmuring of our Love's Oblivion
Flung o'er the arches of eternity.
Wan wreaths evoke the labyrinths of spirits'
Deepest reaches. My lips, with God's, im-
press
A holy kiss upon thy brow—communion
Of thy soul with mine: Benediction touches
us twain—
The apparelling of phantoms—no passage
here
But those of angels, consecrated to their God.
At thy death last night, Beloved, my presence
watched
Aside thy bed. Clasped thee close, much lov-
ing,—

More, so much more than thou knewest. I
Now glimpsed along thy wall's empaling grief
Soft footsteps—the heart-aches of thy friends
below.

This very Heaven rocks in recollection!

I kissed thy fevered brow and lilyed cheeks.
Afar the grieving stars dripped tears, tender
Lights came down to bear thy soul away.
“Does she move, or breathe?” “Speak—
Speak!”

The frailty of thy life, in distance fading,
An inward victory by an outward loss.
Sleeping, thou wert austere beautiful
And yet sublimely sad,—thy blood in crimson
Passioning pale and fearful of eternity.

Hark! the angels' greeting,—half-veiled
blended

Cadences to Immortality,
Hidden choristers' divinist prayer,
A soul's soft winding clue of melody!
This strange device of music—magic in
The touch of God—upbears us in this time-
less
Tide, where ages are but strains that mingle

In eternal waves and fade in stresses,
On the triads of the Infinite.

My soul's a dwelling now for memory,
Sweet even in the palace door of Heaven.
What meshes have I woven for thy spirit?
Weaved perhaps beneath a younger sun,
Weaved in truth before that sun was ever
wrought

From off the Blazing Fabric of yon Deity!
Thine eyes were fountains in their cradle days,
To break the drought of sombre Destiny.
Scarce were our souls conceived before the
stars,
Than Heaven was our final trysting place.

Beloved, thou art an inspiration, with
Immortal hands decked in rubies which
The fiercest suns could woo. Unimpassioned
Beauty in a royal flame, thy life
Is ever in its mirthful infancy
And still in thought supreme. E'er changing
visions

Pass, laughing strangely, but so pure in mood.
Through groves of jeweled nets, o'erhang the
ripened
Counsels of felicity — frail

But fadeless tender leaflets never drooping,—
Plastic spirits in immortal texture,—
An iridescent, opal, mystic, dreamful dream-
ing;

All joy, all reticence and prayer enact
And chant the mystery of the Trinity.

My snow-white swan upon an azure river,
In languors thou shalt ever be caressed,—
A silken stream through an emerald vale,
Brightly vast,— shadows quivering to
The falls of sleep. Thou hast the ecstasy
Of seeking, on the flow of Perfect Happiness
attained,
Tranquil intermissions in repose,
Foam-bells teeming o'er eternal Play.

Still, still I peer in wistful membrances,
O'er tree-tops 'neath the stars— to mortals'
earth.

Thy face, thy human voice, breath as tiny
Flakes of snow, wonder-filled in merriment!
Can'st thou not remember from afar
A little girl all shaking down her curls;
The garden of thy country-side, where the first
Dream petals of our love broke flower; whis-
pers,

The secret kiss, the summer's afternoon,
The old pergola twined in climbing rose,
Thy tender arms around my shoulders thrown;
Farewells repeated o'er and o'er; rippling
Sounds, the evening green, with sweeter sweet-
ness

In the air, our senses' ecstasy,
The caressive touches of thy hands—a fire
Unto thy finger tips—thy soul into my soul?

'Twas a wondrous tale of wondrous love!
Ah! Even here thy spirit eyes are tremulous
In tears. I dreamed of Allah's Paradise,
Stripped bare thy beating heart to flower
there.

No, No! Thou need'st not worry lest I say it—
Though memory is oft the greatest ritual
Of enduring joy. A master-mistress
Of a bliss that's past, reflecting makes
Eternal bliss that's now. As we are minded
So our lives have been—erstwhile Beloved,
Could we be here in Paradise? Were this
Profane that I recall it all—unroll
In Heaven such tapestries of human love?

'Twere useless dear to try and break the spell.
I think these very memories are parts

Of that great Spark Divine, the ashes of
The past on incense-pyres of Happiness,
Urns of sweetest bliss from other worlds,
Cinders into beauty from the grave
Blown on breezes to eternity,
Soft-mysticism—amber glow of moonlight
Rich with shadows of an Orient night.

Beloved, adoring sadness in thy melodies,
Still all compensative was their tenderness.
In jewelled draperies around thee, bending
low,

Thy beauty yielded beauty to the Dawn.
Dipped in passion as the rose, thy form,
Its perfume then was but the incense of thy
soul.

These Immortal Tides are long enough to sing
And glow around the chalice of a perfect hour.
In sweetest liquor of the “times that were”
Accept a drop from o'er a crimson rim
The Sacrament was vowed upon His shrine.

Our wedding day!—October morn—the an-
cient
Church with vines on stones a-creeping—ver-
dant
Trees, scattered blossoms—lullabies

Of mating birds! Oh! I thought, my bride,
that noon

I walked the golden highway of the stars:
My soul dreamed naught could be—as such is
here to-day.

Come! kneel, Beloved, in one appeal, though
succor

Is not needed or denied; nor loss
Of one another's gain—cradled in
Divine Equality. A garden's 'round
Our souls for whispering to Him—no words
Of pleading here to solve prayer's mystery.

Eternal magic in eternal air,
Eternal music o'er eternal prayer!
Closer spirits, closer angels, closer
Souls—still closer, thee, Beloved! Majestic
Heaven! fill our beings, thy floods in solemn
Harmony uplift us to thy realms
Untrod,—thence thy sun-rays whirl us to
The cloud, where 'throned in His Omnipo-
tence sits God!

POEMS OF LOVE AND PASSION

A PROPOSAL

Beloved, I love thee! With such words
wouldst thou
Have further pleading? Thou canst o'er-
hear the beating
Of my heart. Take it, and give me in
Exchange thy soul! The unexpected mov-
ings
Of our lives should henceforth be together.
Be my wedded wife: put in my arms
What Fate decreed mine own,—calm days
of peace,
And sweetest ecstasies, one heart, one honour.
Death through cycles in one day elapse;
Through centuries our souls together soar
away.

Yet it seems, Beloved, we've loved before:
Oh! canst thou not remember—a sort of
palace
Casement, nine hundred and a thousand years
Ago? The little hill of Calvary loomed

Three crosses 'gainst the sky: Perhaps we met,

Even when the Spirit of God breathed life
Into a planet, and the moon first dimmed
In cold tranquility the day, the wild stars
Later bathed the blacker harmony of night.

Canst thou feel the memoried ache of my
Embraces — perhaps some Prince of Egypt I,
Like those strange men portrayed in histories,
Or in the pictures hanging here upon the wall?
Thou sat upon a stately bed, thy jewels
A-shiver as pearls upon the shallow
Reefs beneath the glitter of the rising sun.

We might recall old Socrates, wisdom,
Joy and pleasure, aeons drunk with Eastern
Passion, pompous temples, doors of beaten
gold,

An Alexandrian sky blinking with a million
eyes.

Ah! even in that day, thy spirit hungered;
But all without the everlasting Bread of Life.

But whether or no, thou didst caress the kings
Of distant stars, before this Earth was mould-
ed

Into Space; or thou wert cherished by
A Babylon prince in the derision of
A heathen dawn, I know now, that thou art
mine!
In life, in love, in soul, unto Eternity!

THREE WORDS

Beloved! I love thee! Ah, what an essay in
Three words—writ down in fire from off a
golden

Quill,—a sentence stole from out the rifled
Treasury of my soul. No magic art
E'er yields a cure for love—no stone-age
Monuments outlive the masonry
That thou dost weave about my heart.
Thou shalt be my day-dawn in eternity,
My sunrise 'round the sapphire cup of
Heaven.

I feel thine auburn hair and kiss thy lilyed
Cheek, whose whiteness breaks to rose. Beloved,

The fields of life are sprinkled for our joy.
I understand the pulse from o'er thy secret
soul;

I learn the languors of thine unseen sea;
No real world anywhere but in thine arms,
Where earth becomes a ruby in Love's crown,
And from its setting leaps into a flame.

Thy voice is magical — each word a vision
Versed in stanzas of divinest symmetry.
Thine eyes — two dynasties of wondrous pow-
er —

Urns oft-times perhaps in quiet slumber —
Great gems as suns upon the breast of day.

Behold! the galleons of our love! Last
night! —

Shall I forget it e'er I die — those dreams
Of mine, which now have all come true? A
chamber

Rich in tapestries as Arabs spin,
Perfumed with fragrance of an Orient bloom!
A maze and glow and mystic quivering,
A dreamful joy in sweeter raptures ending!
Thou there, Beloved — in all supreme sur-
render,

Loose thy hair in soft profusion hanging,
One sleeping wave of bliss to oceans waken-
ing, —

Three words — upon each crest of passion
burning!

IDYLL

Sweet hour of Night, within thy solitude—
Thy wandering sleep and silent course ad-
vanced

In realms occult—and overruling power,
I met a woman, angel pure and like
A dove in tint and melody, her wings
Unfolded on nocturnal sands—through air
allured

To solitary caves and darker woods.

We strolled a-near a cool rillet—background
A garden kiosk canopied in flowers,
'Twixt grottoes dimly glittering with a shelly
floor.

The Night's eclipse of phantoms, dreams, and
rest

Was stirred and lit in mystic parts by touch
Of stars and lidless eyes of moon. The silver
Stream laughed out aloud—then played a
song

Keyed high upon such rippling undercurrents,
As waked the fairies from the bank and glen.

Our thoughts were written on the velvet sheen,
And through the fringes of the forest shone
An after-glow which crept to vibrant har-
monies.

O'er-hanging shadows, silent, vast and fra-
grant

With perfumes, wafted strangely near, in half-
awed

Dreamy moods, 'mid tangled vines and brush:
Above the shooting stars and destined spheres
Were strayed in limitless oblivion.

Carelessly we kissed with soft caress,
Our spirits gliding from tranquility,
While round us weaved a thousand gentle
forms,
In binding chains of complex passions rife.

The dance of twin lights from intensest eyes,
A thought suppressed — then mingling of the
breath,

Glowing and glowing, and closer and still
more close —

All visions lost to me in Happiness.

Night's silver canopy of clouds unrolled,
Shredded and flown adown to tree tops high;
Then whispered Love along the fretted shore,
From o'er the waves of future heritages.

TRANSCENDENT LOVE

In all the world, the greatest thing is Love,
Through shadowed sorrow to eternity—
A touch of more that is, and e'er shall be,
At whose Beyond we may not know, but feel
Her vestal guardians of Happiness,
Jeweled arms and cymbals held aloft
As pagan spirits on a fairy craft,
Sail crests of seas, where passions ebb and
flow,
In rhythmic tumult of unconscious grace.

Truth drops her veil before the wand of Love,
As the flower from silken petal breaketh forth
In dawning glow and veins of liquid fire,
Magic, amethystine, rich and deep,
In forest aisles and dancing disks of sunlight:
Then whirlwinds gulf into a quietude,
Upon sweet undercurrents, mystic, thin,
That bid all Nature from her sleep awake,
To sing the songs which only Love can sing.

By disappointed faith and fortune's wrong,
I drop anon into the ebon Past,

O'er some far silent sea I never knew
To roofs in Nineveh and Babylon.
Above the stars droop jewel-wise, as velvet
Water lilies breathe their argent raptures
In the night. A-near the sands of a desert
Whirl into the entrance of my tent
Delirious mirage of pagan Love.

I feel her black curls touch me—scented
zephyrs

O'er my soul, reversing fate on fragrant
Wings. Chaldeans girdled in vermillion—
Eternal spirit of the woman—in rippling
Laughter overflow and wound each other
Unaware. Night to dawn lights lengthen—
Concubines in robes of multicolor,
Eyes all lustrous in consuming gaze,
Quaff deeply in this ancient Cup of Bliss.

If anything be greater than the gods,
'Tis Love! She dwells in Eden still, where
ages

Of Eastern Passion made her hue, and taint-
less

Lips to kiss the magic hours of
All Time—its hurricanes and spectres so
Perplexed adown the darkest centuries,
To the Asiatic dawn on Calvary.

Awakened now, her angels' wings are seen
Warm, sunburnt, beneath the Present skies,
In touch of which the purest spirits meet
And Heaven itself, with all its joys brought
near

By the sound in trumpet call— Transcendent
Love.

THE TRIUMPH OF LOVE

Love came triumphant to my soul last night,
As music breathes from Heaven's noblest
sphere—

A tender, careless, acquiescent flight,
Mist-veiled in ringlets of a thousand curls.
She then, I know well, ends the world's de-
spair,

The aching loss in souls from deepest pain
To ecstasy of love and Love's great ties—
Her joys, her quests, and sovereign disdain,
Dark eyes, ruby lips, and teeth of pearls
To melting words, as soft as summer's air.

The yielding sweet expression of her face,
From soft converse in smiles, to love-gemmed
tears

Of Passion like the season, wildered heart and
place.

I gazed and gazed again, my every glance
Like lightning on her brow: brief space to
years

Weaved in her treasured, sun-gold wondrous
hair.

Listless there, dream-drowsy in a perfumed
trance

Encircled by my arms lies Love. Sweet sur-
render!

A maze of misty flame — sun-splendor!

'Tis that, I know, makes all the world so fair.

Soft-footed Asiatics trailed this Love,
Greeks ankleted, in gems or togas bright;
As old her slaves as those who watch above—
Peplum purpling and rich balconies o' night—
Adown the winding stairs of History.

Mystery — strange, sleep-swaying scents —
through

Lips, rose-liquor that the sphinxes knew;
Beauteous eyes and cheeks the angels have
caressed,

Hers was the perfume o'er the martyrs' shrine;
By theme and song her tenderest mood ex-
pressed.

Oh! Past, well dost thou know this Love of
mine!

MY LOVE

Dearest, there is no one above thee that
I love! That is my answer now and for
All time. Remember this through coming
suns!

Remember this before our Final Judge!
Before the treasure He has given us,
To mould our deeds for His all just Assize.

What use to so pretend and hide the truth?
Thou standest to me alone as soul is joined to
soul,

Heart, brain, body, all in life or dream
'Neath paling stars and singing winds at
dawn,

To waving plains where flame-like flowers
bloom,
And vanish with us on the wings of night.

Sweetest eyes that I have ever seen,
Are there such stars in all the firmament,
Or seas more conscious of such wondrous rays?
Youthful laughter, fearless, frank, and free!

Weeping — each tear is but a gem light'ning
Skies into a flame of everlasting Day.

Life and Death agree that I have loved
Thee, in those farthest ages, where Man and
Earth

Were still the Breath of God, and souls were
merely

Vapors in a Space all planetless.

There we dreamed of fabled lands — in mystic
chrism

Plucked Love from out the brighter particles
of star-dust.

Can I ply my feelings as I think of thee —
Earth responding to a heaven's smile,
A halo o'er each thought in blissful-setting —
Those aches of partings, or that thou dost suf-
fer

For a moment in the countless ends
That call me from thy presence? Oh! loyal
troth!

I bless thy name, thy touch, the tender ca-
dences

Of thy voice — golden harmonies in the
stresses

Of Life's Pain. It takes courage in my heart
To realize that thou are mine, but still,
Still greater courage to know that thou must
leave

Me for the realms of unconjectured space,
A dimming land, where sad-eyed ghosts walk
only.

Thy cheeks to snow in paling Death, those
eyes

Twin urns of sleep, thy gorgeous-wingéd soul,
Like some strange bird, sweeps up in silent
flight

To waiting angels and their whispered tales.

Oh love, my love! In thy twilights take me,
Bird of Death,

To her that makes the music all things sing,
O'er time, o'er space, o'er height, o'er depth—
beyond

Unto the rich-crown jeweled seat of Paradise.

LAST NIGHT, BELOVED!

Last night, Beloved, I saw thee in a dream,
With tears of wistful wonder in thine eyes,
Unfolded petals, pearled with silvery sheen,
All tender, mystic, luminous of Love's skies.
Adown from stars to night-wrapt hidden
things,
Thine ebon locks and breath, like incense-
wings,
In soft confusion intertwined my soul.
Deep longing, clinging glance to tremorous
roll,
In subtle scents of Moorish paradise,
Strange emotions, frantic mad desire—
A ray of bliss, a kiss akin to fire!
Then all my secrets grew defined in shape,
To worship thee, for just great Worship's
sake.

Closer pressed we in serene ascension,
Twining hair, alluring arms, in blushing
wake
Up-burning in the glowing halls of Passion.

Veined rich through marble tints before my
sight,
'Mid shadows' lengths of languor unrestained,
I watched thy Beauty yield with fond delight.
From olden years, so long ago now waned,
I heard thy sweetest music—e'er unsate:
Eternal were we twain therein combined
Through space afar—not Time's, but Love's
sublime.

COULD I FORGET!

Ah! Could my wakening spirit but forget
The pain, the pang, and wrong and vain re-
gret
That fills my life's horizon,— a sense of wings
A-rift into the peerless golden cloud
Of Love; her mists extinguished; broken
strings
O'er beauty flesh and blood, night-wrapt and
proud,
Touched with the jeweled fingers from the
sorrows arm;
Nearer, yet nearer, secret sad alarm,
Thirsting anguish, chill of hopeless grief,
In sunset skies where daylight now hath fled.
Dumb the lips and breath that gave relief,
And crowned my life with all its gentle grace;
Those arms that softly twined, warm, tur-
quoise veined
Around me—such hours never more re-
gained!
So far away the laughter, song and glee,

The up-surge in the world tides distraught
Of other scenes in olden days, care free,
In passion measureless — trembling caught
Foam-flung, 'twixt boundless oceans unre-
strained!

So tired of struggle, stress, strife and pain,—
As back the shoreless sea, and back again
Its darkening glens and half-concealed things!
The numbing fragrance of the Past — her
eyes

Laid on me with the weight of destinies!

Love's glow, sweet touch, close-merging soul
embrace

Brings Heaven itself, with all its joys o'er
head

To throbbing whispers; tender heart-beats set
So partly human but more part divine.

Ah! Could my wakening spirit but forget
My Love now dead, but once so wholly mine!

CONSUMMATION

In a garden, soul to soul we met and loved—
Listless languor by stone-parapets,
Leaf-dance ripple, sense of minor thirds,
Stars above, a language not of words;
Vows and raptures—life's sweetest flowerets.

Roving minstrels strolled unto the feasts,
Our thoughts upon their strings in tinselled
air,
To woodlands where clove-footed gods had
sung;

Where consenting dear Companionship had
rung
From bells that melted tenderly to prayer.

Afar o'er dale translucent waters moved,
Enthralling sounds through sequence of the
hours.

I was the Night and she the Moonlit-Glow,
Her curls all ill-arranged and veil so low,
O'er Passion wakening in this love of ours.

I'm still the Night and there's the Moonlit-
Glow,
But as I see her ebb in Time's great sky,

No more the sweetness of her love-wrung ray.
That chaste white face is now conjured to
clay
Of hardest light. Erewhile, alone am I.

With crawlings o'er me, numbness in the air,
Upon my throat, my breast, my arms, my hair,
Gliding skeletons arise to sight
In elfish weeds and wands of swirling light—
The horrors of a Beauty vilely used,
Staring, ever doomed to stare—such hues
Down-bending Parasite of circumstance.

Shimmering procession and a giddy dance
That overcrests the pathway of the clouds,
Revels nebulous, that cheat the days
In look malign and cold accusing gaze;
Silver drooping rays of compromise,
False most gems that shine beneath the stars;
Phantasmagoria and a soulless glance,
Waveless waters—and my eyes are fed
On a Moonlit-Glow: 'twere better Death
would wed.

CONSOLATION

I watch at eve thy bright inquisitive eyes
As slowly wane the twilight hours away,
In conquering sense and tender earthly ties,
To mystic night bedewed in silver ray.
The vine-leaf shades around us—flower to
flower
Sip a store from thyme and inmost bower.

Love seems abroad and all of thee a part
In murmurous secrets of the growing night.
I feel the warm blood beat about my heart,
Like waves o'erflowing summer seas, fleece-
white
Mist-thin surge, around a wrecked ship's beam
From off whose drooping mast past sorrows
gleam.

There let those billows try to soften doom;
The leaden years no charms can ever lift,
But sink and sink with Time into the tomb,
Crushed thence in anguish, echoes of my Love
adrift
On mimic smiles, false joys in endless quest
That only Death may bring at last to rest.

No! No! Why think of that with thee so near?

Be this our dwelling—this pale silent night,
Whose walls they touch not, who know love less dear.

Some bond of Nature draws me to this light
Of a thousand thousand petals in moon-eyed bliss,

A bed of roses—lilies—then thy kiss.

How can it matter now—that Love of mine,
This useless pining o'er things vanished, dead—

A Past bereaved, which should have been divine

In custom living, side by side, instead?
To deeply love—'tis never to be sent
Full Consolation—e'en for an hour lent.

Oh, upstart lips that speak pretentious lies
'Mid all the venom of a warring world,
Your kiss is but a touch that I despise,
So near the Sorrow of those sails now furled!
Thy face is hideous in the silvered light
Of a Love now gone, but mine—all mine, by Right!

Come, Sorrow, let us hence—some quiet land,
Burn thy noble torch and bear it high;
Feel no compunction on a jasmine-scented
sand,
For they are grain on which all loves will die.
We may be bruised and wrapped in suffo-
cating pain,
But with Honour, Truth, and Destiny not
slain.

I OFTEN THINK

I often think, were I to die, dear,
To sleep, to feel, to pray there in that Realm,
 So far away,
Some thrill of tender sympathy,
We had had, or dreamed, or known, or loved,
 We two alone,
Would startle, then recarry me
From Exile back to Life again.

I often think, were I in my grave, dear,
Beneath the forest deep or vine-clad walls,
 Thine eyes in grief
Would drop seeds of such sweet sorrow
That my heart would rise—break into a rose,
 And recognize
Thy tears of Love upon its petals,
As the richest jewels from Paradise.

LOVE'S APPEAL

In vain, in vain, I try to tell thee, dear,
My love.

I choose the sweetest words, that e'er were writ
Above

The notes of cadenced harmonies to thrill
Thy heart,—

Attune the tend'rest measures of my soul
Apart

From this great world of waste and pain, so
dreary,
Dark

With hates and greeds and blaze of war.

In vain, in vain, I try to tell thee, dear,
Through tears

That drip from eyes at night, wearied and sad
With fears

That thy forgotten love, in arms rebelled
May die;

Erewhile when ills and sorrows, moist regrets
Are nigh

To thee, this bleeding heart in veins of Hate
May cry,

In memories of those raptures, vain entreaties,
Woes,
Then burn itself in torturing flames 'til Death's
Last throes
Will quench the fire that once was Love
divine.

POEMS OF EGYPT, ETC.

THE SPELL OF EGYPT

There's a splendid hush about this place,—
A seal upon these ancient mysteries
Of Nile and star and Cleopatra's face.

O mighty Pyramid, empurpled in thine
Omnipotence! Thou art not the work
Of mortal man, but the huge Conception of a
spirit
Diadem'd upon the Sand of Time.

Mosques with your passion for prayer,
Sphinx with thy passion for silence,
Bazaars with your passion for gain,
Streets with your passion for music
And pleasure—enter ye all into my soul,
That I may feel my first infiltration of another life.

Egypt!
Why dost thou engrave thyself
So strangely on the tablets of my mind?
Dost thou channel through my veins to gain a
dream
Or to regain lost dreams of old?

Art thou here to help me lose a creeping sorrow,
Or to recreate in me the rapturous ecstasy of bygone passion;
Or art thou present merely to make me understand the treasures
Of Romance and of History that breathe within thy bosom?

DREAM O' NILE

Egyptian baccharis! I dream a dream
Through topaz glow, in the chalice of thy
royal mysteries:

I lay o'er barge upon the Nile, and glean
The agony of thy fading centuries.

A fluttered flight with eyes wide o'er to see,
I dropped anon into entangling twilights,
Past nymphs in gossamer gowns out-floating
free,

Where other forms and forces try to solve
The laughter in thy Labyrinths — the silvered
nights

Around thy granite temples, — thence evolve
To gardens flecked with robes in Ptolemys'
rites.

Adown these shimmering mystic paths I
walked;

To painted kings and jewelled queens I talked,
In irised chambers of old revelry.

I sipped from cups moulded o'er the Chrys-
lite;

Played hide and seek with rapturous Aphrodite;

Pressed amorous lips and caressive breasts all ivory.

Nubians with flowers and with peacock fans,
Adrift is Cleopatra and her love-bought bliss:
The jealous moon winks back her tears and wanes:

The queen athirsts for power in the Roman's kiss.

Low a purple lilac o'er the Nile,
Strangely chill the sandy winds tonight;
Richest monuments and pylons there erewhile,
And cold red obelisks of dead divinities;
Satyrs a-creep from out the Sphinx's eyes, and sight

To me on senseless stones great Histories.

Afar to Lybian desert a lute string trilled,
Drowned by the wingéd sweep of Basilisk;
A-near a crocodile the air in terror filled;
Peered o'er the banks the monster Hippogriffs.

I saw the stars all trembling in the heaven,
Wan wreaths around the Monoliths atwist:

From amber foam of Nile I counted seven,
As birds flew out the temples' weary glyphs.

The Pyramids huge, fiercely black in hue,
Stood half way down in moonlit silver rayed,—
Mighty diadems of Ancients' thew;
Within Sarcophagi e'er mummies' sprites
a-preyed.

Hushed and silenced by the splendor of this
view,
Struck fear dumb I — my Dream O' Nile dis-
mayed.

O River, sleep swaying scents in thy wafted
tresses,
Past vanished — all away thy dynasties “That
Were,”
Same are thy ways and still thine old caresses:
Souls rise and rise — History rests upon thy
myrrh.

TO THE SPHINX

I sat at eve time on the Lybian sands,
And watched Night's shadows creep from up
the Nile
In languorous attitudes for Egypt's rest.
Above, the Sphinx purred o'er the dark-ning
lands,
Reaching skyward in a great caress
Across the Age of Mystery.
I rose and stood beneath a Peristyle:
She stooped and pressed me there, erewhile,
Against her Breasts of History.

FAREWELL, O EGYPT!

The pink-pearl blush of dawn crept o'er our
barge
And Alexandria. From silver-fretted
Night 'mid shifting glooms, the quivering
palms
Twisted in spirals on the desert's edge;
The moon had paled and drowsed to saffron
dust;
The stars now closed their diamond eyes and
wept,
Then fled to shelter as Day touched the sky.

O Egypt, sullen gray, supreme in Time!
From off this prow thine echoes burst in flame,
Lit by the torch of History, each in turn
Full in the arena of this blood-stained world.
Still from shadoof and sakieh rimmed in gold,
Sing this dawn to us thy memories
Of archetypal dreams and loveliness,
Of Ra, and Rameses and Basilisk;
Of Cleopatra and her drones a-bed
Beneath the ambient chambers of the moon;

Of Osiris, Isis, and of Antony,
Palm-embroidered from patrician Rome.

Farewell thy Pyramids, farewell thy Sphinx,
Crouching in dead desires and brooding si-
lence;

Farewell terrific temples — abysmal lament
From a by-gone world — mysterious tombs,
despairs

Of all the perished races of the earth,
Cased in mummies or in water sunk.

Farewell thy lateen sails and tiny islands,
Kissed by the lips of Histories away.

Farewell brown children of the curvéd Nile,
Your hammocks, floats, your crocodile, your
songs,

Your prattling truths and dreams in dynasty
Of Griffins twain and jewelled wine betwixt.

Farewell the patter of the donkey's feet,
A-near the dragomen and drab bazaar.

Farewell snake charmers and thy courtesans,
With crystal breasts and eyelids powdered
blue

'Mid writhes and twists of teeming populace.
Farewell thine Obelisks — thy sands of
Ghizeh,

Thy hieroglyphics and thy prophecies,
Thy minarets and mosques in sunset prayer:
Farewell immortal, sad, O sacred Egypt,
Phantasmagoria of a world that's dead,
Yet diviner thou—through every century.

THE ANGEL OF MADEIRA

Each eve I lie a-musing on Madeira's hills,
Erewhile below the sea-tales full of mystery:
The Life that was my Love has flown o'er
waves and rills,
Into the jeweled shrine of God's Eternity.
By night and day she sleeps here in a church-
yard, features cold
Beneath the sable robes of Death,—immortal
Beauty
Majestic sweet,—all gleams of earthly glories
rolled
In long-lost loves, to sacred greater purity.
From purple domes and stately towers, Fun-
chal's sunlight
Gilds her grave in saffron garb; flowers, half-
hidden
In the mosses green, fleck our lore of love
laden
With the rarest dew of Paradise. Disguised
at night
In mazes, opal, iridescent and benign,

These petals peer—a nest of glow-worms—
o'er her mound,
Whispering the saddest requiem of human
kind.

Suddenly towards moon-rise, deep slumbers
all around,
In grieving winds and ebbing tides suffused
with tears,

Came the fairest angel, poised in flowery
Wings and draperies 'round her drooping
low; background

An architrave with higher temple front, subtly
Wrought in flaunted lace and silver tinted
vine.

The thinnest veil obscured her face: nearer
she drew

And gazed; in radiance stooped as mortal
maid; entwined

My neck, caressed my cheek, then kissed my
lips—a chaste

Sweet kiss, soft and warm and thrilled with
life. Her face

She turned, then slipped away as adown the
brighter circle of the moon

A chariot appeared: she rose from sylvan
hill.

Too soon

Are nimble joys of youth by newer sorrows
rent,
As dark processions dissolve a dream from
Heaven, sent
To awake o'er the myrtle grave Time alone
has lent.

ALGIERS

Gold-vestured suns and silver-fretted nights
O'er Algiers—Allah's sonnet in the tongue of
France,
Afric Paris, frenetic with the Marabout,
A-pointed columns in the air,
First languors of the East and fair
With bright illusions, flecked enkindling
sights,
Mosques and kiosks—harlots thro' yakmak
a-glance,
Polyglot zig-zagging streets to turbaned rue!
O Sensuous city! How subtly weird thy
spell!
Background, translucent sea of dreamland
blue;
Thy minarets in tapers to the sky;
Bedouin inns and clanking dice,
Cythereas, drab dancing girls to tice
The dragomans, gendarmes and rake-hell;
Thy turquoise noons to twilight bronze imbue
Thro' architraves, thy villas laced to gardens
high.

Topaz yellowing to sunset crimsoning,
Gilded muezzins call the prayer,
Down-floating magic in the air
O'er mosques nestled into moonlight silvering.
Fair Southern Cross a-trembling,
An irised mystic quivering
To strange emotions soothing,
A distant cry and droning,
A castanet a-clanging
Algiers!—inch' Allah!—sleeping!

WAR AND MISCELLANEOUS POEMS

A SOLDIER'S FAREWELL

Beloved, farewell! 'Tis an ancient tale this
call

To arms—the grappling will of man to War,
The mind to mingle in a sense of massacre,
To reek with blood and clamor for destruc-
tion;

The earth a wilderness of steel to cut,
Deface, ensnare, destroy antiquity—
The sanctuaries of the silenced centuries.

It must be so, Beloved. Yet, O my God!
To burn thy suffering away to ashes,
Rather far those Rhenish Huns should lay
Me low in quailing flesh,—the world a heri-
tage

Of woe, and fiercest emphasis of rage
O'erride the greatest cities of heroic
Dawns, and scourge the fields with wildest
carnage,
Than the vision of this pain aglitter in thine
eyes.

Beloved, weep not—think more of gentle hands

To soothe the ache of centuries into
The intercourse of everlasting love,
Our marriage here in sunset waning—thy sad
Possession's but a memory—until
The holy years of undivided souls
Wake fragrance in the rain of Paradise.

Each dawn bear to thee sweeter strengths, soft
fires

Of faith, to curl in incense o'er the shores
Of Time—griefs in angels' voices ending,
Through the flowering fields and singing stars,
that pulse

The arteries of God's transcendent mercy.

In thy days of coming solitude, thy hair
Shall weave in silver, thy face empale to
Death,

Ending surface things but to receive
Their impress final—touchings unawares,—
Immortal kisses in eternity.

Awake our France! At last thy time has come
To make a fiery trial of thy great strength.
For forty years, thou hast abided in
A dreadful patience for this day, weeping

And waiting—stung beyond commiseration
Thy people's memory—thy vengeance for
Sedan.

God stands surety for thee in Heaven,
As the glitter of thine armour mirrors Hell
For those who dare oppose thy legions now.
Show thine imperial strength and sovereign
power;

Beneath the stillness of these stars, thy fury
Breathes intense to beckon death in royal
honour.

A splendid oneness in thy politics,
There's no alarm and anguish in thy tread,
Friedland and Austerlitz age-long thy wit-
nesses.

Revenge our France! That sting—thy vic-
tory hence!

Farewell, farewell, our little cottage in
The sheltering green! Farewell, my wife!
thy soul

My rose upon the battle-plain—each wound
A petal on the bleeding stem decreed
To flower in Immortality.

VICTOR JOFFRE!

The summer's night was falling o'er the
Marne,

In war-like visage scenes of darkest hue.
The ancient river waileth with a charm,
Reflecting, blaze on blaze, the fiery view
Of thousands, by the millions ranged to fight
In empty groves and sanctuaries red
With blood. Paris waited in her plight,
Patient, all majestic, calm and splendid,
Through those maddening hours of uncer-
tainty.

Earth and Hell in masterful embrace,
Amazed all mortal birth. Anxiety
Upon a seat supreme, watched—her face
Withered in the loud discordant deep,
Profoundly changing from ideal to doubt,
As goring engines shrieked and crushed and
reaped.

Men and horses' armour interlaced,
Cursing, creeping, swimming, wading, sink-
ing,

With heads all skull-like—voices all confused,

O'er torsos, scaled fingers gory joining.

A distant crash, to carnage and to strife

Beneath the trembling light of pallid moon,

Where ages past were masked, then brought to life

A double range of horrors there exhumed.

The shades of kings like Attila arise

In ruddy reflex 'cross his Chalon-plain,

Where nights exaggerate the giant size

Of human shapes, and mustering ranks aflame,

From phantoms' charnel house to warriors', shout.

A-sudden midst these teeming Hellish eyes,

A central figure stood; said "Turn about!"

And drew himself in profile terrible,

As fortune swelled and swayed to coming rout

Uncertain still, for victory horrible.

Those words instant were mightier than arms,

For whose command in fire grand France awoke

Transfused in bloody wreaths, and deep alarms

That echoed forth to Heaven. His legions broke

Upon the Hun—pursued and vanquished,
gulfed
In Chaos. There calm and stern, stood—
Victor Joffre.

OUR FLAG IN THE DESERT

A piastre, O night! for a crust of mirth
'Mid sorrow, plight, and war grown salutary.
A piastre, O moon! thou withered dame of
lustrous
Ray, for the swooning tresses of youthful fire
That teemed like the skins of snakes in gold.
A piastre, O stars! with the lidless eyes for
your lights
Of love, and gleams of prayer and joys that
curled
In the children's hair, in the dreams of youth
'mid the things
That lived to the whir of the things that are.
A piastre, O desert! with thy sandy floor,
With thy blasting blizzard and caravan,
For the Wizard of Peace, though his eyes are
dimmed
In the blazing and streaming of war;
For there's a Flag with Stars on thy cold grey
face
And Stripes interweaving to strangle old
Mars.

A piastre, O night! stars, desert, and moon!
Soon kissed by these colours that wave in far
lands,—
France, Belgium, Italia, and Egypt,—per-
chance
The Oasis of Peace will rise there in the sands.

LIFE'S FALLACY

All seeming hollow, all thy joys are naught!
When deem'st thou fortune is within thy hand,
Its golden wings and heralds athwart thy way,
The lowlier bed of sickness yawns for thee:
The House of Death cannot be bought with
 wealth.

The lamps of honour are pretentious lights,
But darken quickly in the vicious Draught.
Pledge a piastre for the truth of this,—
With joys thou hast thy friends in webs,
With griefs thou weavest alone in heart.

WHERE FLOWN, O PEACE?

O Peace, that lies within Beloved Arms
Of Fate, part of whose Will we are,
In a world of Chaos stumbling, yearning for
Thy throbs of Joy and Light. 'Tis vain this
badge
Of blood, this vengeance, storm, and plague
that bind
And strike thy sons to-day, red spurting out
Of orphaned mouths, while fiends and furies
rush
To make a Hell-Home in the Dreams of God.
Where flown, O Peace, 'mid voiceless echoes
crying
“Dead and dead!” — these denizens and soul-
less shapes
And torpors, tombstones gaunt and white
That empty Future of all heritages?
Where art thou 'mid this burn and waste
'neath heavens
Deaf to anguished cries lock-lipped and rid-
ing

To o'er conquer Time? Where art thou on
That boundless sea, that Life's great vessels
sailed

Before the winds of calm Intelligence?
Where lost thine anchor in this seething surf
Of warring men, that beat a phantomed air
Of lacerated souls and mangled hearts?

Where flown thy flowers, dells, and rippling
laughter,

Thy warbling birds and dancing children's
feet?

Where are thy clustering vines, thy hamlets
astir

With valiant knights, half-dreaming over Na-
ture's

Fields, thy lakes that dazzled beneath the sky
Along whose shores, in fragrance full of dam-
ask-rose,

White-winged swans made cradle of the
waves?

Surely, Great Peace, thou hast not left the
earth,

Her domes and palaces so bathed in red,
Which once thy touch of love and genius lent!
Return Environment with clarion note

And hurl these Shades from off thy chiseled
brow

That rive thy body and thy soul apart.

Cities, rivers, mountains veined in blood!

Battlefields and prisons reeked in gore!

Grinning skeletons, dead in Ambition's shriek!

Morbid Mirror! feasting in curses and with
Burning brow—hide thy scarlet furrowed
face!

Where flown, O Peace?

Sweet Halo, come and break
Yon smile of iron lips nightmared from out
the mouth of Hell.

TO MY FATHER

I kneel, my father, here beside thy grave
Of tender careless myrtle, grown
In the setting suns of five and twenty years
Now past forevermore, from this sad earth;
My mind still full of thee, therefore still
noble.

Could words express the story I've to tell thee
Of this my life, or what I've left to live?
Shut not thy soul against thy son's appeal,
When all this world to-day cries out so loud;
But as thou art my godlike father still,
And wouldst have me come to a life as thine—
Listen with tender fondness on my sorrows:
Then from those eyes that I did worship so,
Let fall some tears of pity and of love,
Wounded a little, by the sufferings I relate—
Of unregarded oaths and trusts so broken
In lies, hypocrisies, and frailties
Of womanhood—its rotting weeds and brok-
en boughs,
Though sacraments and faithfulness were
pledged;

The blind progression and reverse result
On this vile earth of war,— the petty jangling
For everlasting fames and shameless prides.

Life, ask life— 'tis wretchedness and poverty
To breathe e'en for a few years longer here!
Thou who wert so faithful, generous, valiant,
Just look upon me with thine eyes of mercy,
Although they ache with gazing here from
Heaven—

And tell me, tell me, in surety the truth!
There are no days accursed as these apart,
Where thou my father with the angels art.

TIME

O sacred Time! forever lost
On rapid wings
Of wasted days and careless years.
All tender things,
Thy proffered joys and truths have crossed
The stream of youthful arts, while tears
Now drip upon the cheeks of age
By Fate assigned.
With waves of woes and crests of rage,
Despair's ensigns
Are sicklied o'er by memories bright,
Then dashed, confined
By Hopelessness to night.

DEATH

Death! is it thou whom bravest souls do fear
With direst awe? Art thou that storm on
Time's

Foam-fretted shore that launches spirits to
Eternity? Art thou that tempest in
The sea of Life blowing forthwith a wind
In thunderbolts that shakes again Creation
back

To its original atoms? Death—to cease
To be; life's wits end in consternation
O'er not being what we've been before;
Where all that's past is lost and being past
Was lost the instant we did live. Death—
A moment's work disguised through years of
fear—

The folly of it! losing blood by drops
From passioning veins but lowlier clay withal.
This fearing death disquiets all the rests
Of life in these our fleshly prisons,
Reviving, creeping to calamity.

THE IRISHMAN'S DREAM
A Dramatic Poem

THE IRISHMAN'S DREAM

A Dramatic Poem in Two Scenes

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

SIR ROGER BURKE

An Irish Patriot

LADY GLORIA

His Wife

TIME—Autumn, A. D. 1916

PLACE—London

SCENE I:

A prison cell in the Tower of London. A window strongly barred letting in a flood of moonlight. Perfect quiet save for the pacing back and forth of the heavy prison guard.

[Enter LADY GLORIA, attired in deep black—
hair all disheveled.]

SIR ROGER BURKE rises from his couch, throws
his arms about his wife and kisses her passionately.]

BURKE (*tenderly*).

Gloria! Gloria! With thee here this
very pit
Is glorious!

GLORIA.

Life has no more in it but thee.

BURKE.

This amorous night—at least we will
procure

Our purpose, all rejoicing in our joy.

GLORIA.

Many days more!

BURKE.

Alas, no more!

GLORIA.

Why?

BURKE (*slowly releasing her*).

No one can save me, Gloria.

GLORIA.

I begin to see amid this gloom. Speak
plainly.

BURKE.

I'm strong, yet cannot at this moment
feel it.

GLORIA.

I shut my eyes again, my love! my love!

BURKE.

How beautiful thou seemest in this light,
Like a miser do I kiss those tears away.

GLORIA.

My flesh anticipates thy fate; tell it me.

BURKE (*bitterly*).

Hear! The appeal is lost, the Crown has spoken—

From hence this Tower tomorrow morn
— a traitor

I'm condemned to die. Perhaps a great
Decree for history—though pitiful
It seems to us, abridged in the pain of
parting.

GLORIA (*vehemently*).

Quickly—is there aught wherein I still
can serve thee?

I reckoned not my husband to this law.

Upon thy soul there is no stain transmitted.

BURKE.

'Tis true, my heart, as tender moon shines
on

Thy tumbled hair.

GLORIA.

Oh! Base adversities!

Your British gold—and painted justice
blind!

BURKE.

To leave the sweet and music of our lives,
The countings on long years for pleasure
here;
Those hills we loved, and meads a-trem-
bling with the dew;
The waking daffodils and the languid
note of birds!
It seems so far away,— the ribboned light
Of Erin's golden dawns, the streamlet
frail and sheen
That wafted a-near our little cottage
down
To the great white surges. We stood to-
gether beneath
The morning star—its magic through a
thousand rills:
We laughed out o'er the riches of our
garden.

GLORIA (*through her tears*).

Aye! Thou a fawn and I, a woodland
nymph.

BURKE.

The call of day came basking clear and
free.

GLORIA (*sadly*).

Cold death and withered wreaths, all
shadows now.

(*With sudden fury*)

Such crafts of law seduced to such ends!
Is reason here so mightily corrupted?
Frank justice dwells within our blood—
that blood
Once spilled, is clotted on unequal scales.

BURKE (*bitterly*).

The ghosts here in this Tower mock my
fate:
The cries of Edward's babes a-freeze my
veins.

GLORIA.

They wink at crime, who execute true
valour.
Still living—hope is not forsaken. Are
there
No ways to charm the hearts of Courts?
O God!

BURKE (*passionately drawing her to him*).

Thy tearful eyes and drooping breasts—
Beloved,

E'er my day-dawn at Creation turned
from stars,
Anon thou wert the dusk and twilight of
my soul,
All renewing, interposing, never
Ending. I clasp thee close in sacred fire.
High! High! Love's crystal cups filled
rim to rim,
I sense a thirst for life—more life—still
more!

GLORIA (*raising her eyes*).

Thy kiss—again bewildered—there's
nothing clear!

BURKE.

And yet to die for Ireland,—sweet sac-
rifice!

GLORIA (*proudly*).

A crown of Honour, aye, I see thy thought.

BURKE.

And feel the flame of courage in thy
breath;
Ill phrased our sorrow in that great de-
clension.

GLORIA.

To heal the breach and woe of her great wrongs.

BURKE.

I will unloose them with my hands in death,
To stir those wounds in flashing brands of steel.

GLORIA (*with great patriotism*).

Oh! Let them echo to the limits of
The world and farthest isles, founded on
Our people's mighty lore. With due
Allegiance, I'll keep that ancient faith
Until her freedom from this yoke has
been attained.

BURKE (*sorrowfully*).

And yet, my wife, to die—to leave thee here

Alone! The vision shakes into me a soul
Whose essence is all cowardice.

(*Starting to walk to and fro*)

Recast thy splendour, life, eye to eye!

GLORIA.

How can we part?

BURKE.

Whither wander down?
Where are my friends, where are my flatterers now?
This Stygian river roaring o'er my soul,
Is there one who would come forth and share this fee?
Ha! Ha! We're craven if we believe it.
Smile away that trust, or speak it softly,
Such faith is naught within man's selfish lust.

GLORIA (*embracing him wildly*).

I cry out for delay—and for thy life!
(*A pause as he holds her to him*)

BURKE (*sneeringly*).

Life, this thing—subjection, we call being;
Why is it so sweet to us? Swiftest Minutes winged on to Pain and Sorrow, Sickness, anger, grief, suspicion, woe—Dream that Time is naught and life is not to be.

GLORIA (*softly*).

My husband!

BURKE.

Life, mere thoughts of loss
and gain,

Unctuous vapors in a wandering fire!

(*Intensely*)

List my prayer and heed this warning,
now

I go. If thou wouldest contemplate thy
frank

Estate, think not thou hast a friend who
boasts

It to thee in thy fortune's hour. The eyes
O'er gilded thrones are false, as those are
true

That peer from up the lowly dust. He is
Thy friend who speaks to thee and offers
aid

Uncalled and humbly, in thy misery.

GLORIA (*kissing him*).

For me—there is no friend but Death!

BURKE (*dreamily*).

Thy hair,

Beloved, for centuries has drunk the sun,
A flame of ebony in farthest ages.

I feel the sharp savors of a distant past,

Our souls as in the heavens there en-sphered,
And all the sky is flecked with magic light—
Mirth mirrors crested with our Babylon passion,
Fountains plashing in the Hanging Gar-dens,
The Euphrates level through a burnished plain;
Flower crowned and girdled thou, in golden
Gauzes from the feasts. We sat 'neath
veiléd
Moon those rhythmic nights to sate our love.

(*Relaxes suddenly and points to the walls.*)

Here,—this black abyss, these oozing crevices,
Our flame of faith that goes out for this cause,
More awful is the silence of it all.
This business o'er—these traders in the dark—
Thou shalt feel my spirit still with thee,

To glide henceforth a shadow in our home.

GLORIA.

Take me! Take me! Thine I am in body
And in soul—else sundered from the world.

BURKE.

Hush! The guard—thou needst not go this moment.

(*Continues wildly*)

Death! The glister of eternity
And unknown tangles! I cannot—will not cease!

To stop this blood all passioning in my veins,

The blast of dreaded winds in night's dark orbs;

Suspense, a tingling stillness, crash and cry!

Back, back again to dust—a dismal grave,

A core in slime to feed the vermin of The earth! Bait unto the hook of Nature's

Great Oblivion, reeled anon

Into a blackness without bound, to meet
 With Chaos, Anguish, and with Time—
 timeless

Time—to scope the tenor of eternity;
 An alien in the multitude of spheres,
 A great sun dark'ning in a heaven—my
 shout

Of terror delivered to the stars; gongs
 And hammers in the tideless ring of
 Space

Each minute beating in a bell of fear,
 The thesis of our immortality!

O God! is this thy trap for human souls?

GLORIA.

Lost! Lost! My noble lord, let me die
 anon upon
 Thy breast—proof of perfect love all
 shared.

[*Sudden flash of lightning, followed by roar
 of rolling thunder. The stage is totally
 darkened for a period of about four min-
 utes.]*

PLACE—Ireland

SCENE 2:

*In Sir Roger's country villa. Cosy bed-
 room radiant with early morning sun-*

light, and glimpsed in the background verdant Irish plain. Sir Roger is seen awakening from a deep sleep. He sits up and in a startled tone speaks to Gloria, lying peacefully by his side.

BURKE.

No! No! (GLORIA awakes.) "Twas a dream—a wave on a roaring shore, To break in calm upon our coming days,—

Gold-crested hills of Ireland, magic main, Frail streamlet rippling to the saffron sea.

Come! Love is pledged eternal in yon goodly gift (*pointing to a framed manuscript*),

The pardon of our king there hanging on the wall.

Kiss me, Gloria, that I may know myself.

With thy caress the sweetest morning dawns

In melody of lifted voices blest.

Those silken arms around my shoulders throw!

(*She embraces, then kisses him.*)

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